

# Varathron, Tleilaxu (The Unborn Child)

Nature had taken the face of fear  
Terror is painted around  
Whispers and screams of pain  
Are hovering in the night.

The high priests are preparing  
This surifice must be done  
Full-moon is approaching  
Red virgin-blood will be spiled.

You are preparing for the great moment  
The unborn child is coming  
With the hordes of evil  
With absolute hate and obscure eyes.

You're faithful servant  
He's the chosen one  
The silence cry drives you mad  
The whispers are drilling your mind.

The mystic gathering from the faithful  
priest  
Waiting for the secret day  
It ain't going to be late  
Ruins and destruction turn around

Your tears are rolling the black cloak  
The great celebration is beginning  
(The unborn child is coming)  
Look the sights of time...